



Big Railroad Strike Likely Within Forty-eight Hours Police Hunt Woman Firebug in Gang of Incendiaries McCarren Now Attacks Hearst's Newest Conspiracy

WEATHER—Cloudy to-night and Sunday.

LATEST EXTRA

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1906.

The Evening World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

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STRIKE HANGS ON ERIE FIREMEN'S POLL TO-MORROW

Peace Negotiations Are Off Because of the President's Refusal to Enter-tain a Proposal for Increase of Wages.

FOUR BIG RAILROADS MAY BE TIED UP IN SYMPATHY.

First Move to Be Made on Erie, with Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, New York Central and New York, New Haven and Hartford to Follow.

A poll of all the firemen employed by the Erie road upon the question of going upon a strike has been ordered for to-morrow. It is believed that the sentiment among them is overwhelmingly in favor of striking.

The strike may come within the next three days. If it spreads to the dissatisfied train operatives of other trunk lines entering this city the biggest railroad strike that New York has ever known will follow.

The polling of the men was ordered this afternoon by Grand Chief John J. Hannahan, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, after an abrupt breaking off of the negotiations that have been going on for weeks between a grievance committee representing the firemen and the management of the system. Upon the receipt of a letter from President Underwood, Mr. Hannahan returned an ultimatum in the shape of a notification that he had ordered a poll of the men themselves.

Ballots are being printed. The men will begin voting to-night. By to-morrow night or Monday morning the individual wills of the 1,600 firemen and 675 engineers who are entitled to a vote because of membership in the firemen's organization will be recorded. The taking of the ballot is the last step in the strike. The officers of the Brotherhood are bound by their laws to accept the verdict, whatever it may be.

Believe Strike Inevitable. It is freely predicted at the Broadway Central Hotel, headquarters of the men, that the verdict in this case will be a wall-high unanimous vote for a strike. The men have been asking for a ten per cent. increase in wages and other concessions. Yesterday afternoon their committee saw General Manager Stuart for the last time. Mr. Stuart absolutely refused to grant the de-

MARRIN, COTTON SWINDLER, BOBS UP IN THE WEST

Gives Interview in Cincinnati While Authorities Search for Him.

THEN HE DISAPPEARS.

Declares That He Did Not Profit by Crash of Storey Company.

CAREER A VARIED ONE.

Indictment Is Out Against Him Charging Misuse of the Mails.

Frank C. Marrin, one of the heads of the Storey Cotton Company swindle, in which thousands of victims were robbed of \$7,000,000, has bobbed up again in Cincinnati, evidently careless of the fact that he is wanted by the Government on an indictment charging misuse of the mails. He disappeared, however, before any Federal officer could get a line on his whereabouts.

Marrin, who worked the cotton game under the name of "Judge Franklin Stone," was interviewed by a Cincinnati reporter, and when asked if he feared arrest he replied:

"Well, I have never been arrested yet. More Americans in Paris know me than know the American Ambassador. I am not trying to hide, for I am not guilty. I was wanted by them. I called for Europe a week before the Storey Cotton Company went into bankruptcy last March, and as a matter of fact Uncle Sam has no case against me. I was not really connected with that company. I had no part in it. I was only a messenger. I was charged with the mail, but this is not an extraditable offense, and consequently the Government has no power to arrest me. I am confident now that all charges have been dropped. I never was involved more than as a possible witness."

Statements that Marrin was with several million dollars are wild exaggerations. After the run began on the Storey Cotton Company, he paid out about \$150,000 to depositors, representing \$2,000,000. Then it had to close its doors for want of ready cash. I got out of the money went. I got none of it.

"Mr. Storey is living in London. He is in the habit of wearing a tube. The papers reported that he was in New York. This is also false. The woman is living abroad with her husband. The only reason that I am traveling quietly is that I do not wish to be apprehended on this side, not that I fear arrest for its ultimate consequences, but because I do not wish to be delayed."

"The fact is that no person connected with the Storey Cotton Company can be successfully prosecuted, as every person who disposes of money permitting the company to invest their money in whatever they pleased. Marrin has had an astonishing career that might well be called checkered. A few years ago he was a struggling young lawyer in Brooklyn. After struggling with an estate he found it convenient to leave the State and went to Chicago. He was there for a short time, but when he was next heard of in Chicago he was setting out of that city. He had been his case to prominent financiers. When Marrin appeared in Philadelphia he had elevated himself to the position of a millionaire. Judge Franklin Stone. Several years previously Miss Sophia Beck had come into his life, but when he was forced to make a hurried exit from Chicago they drifted apart. She went to New Orleans, where she married a musician. Marrin crossed her path at a music hall in Philadelphia and their old affection for each other suddenly returned. She making a momentary detour to slip out of the life of the little musician."

Miss Beck became a stenographer for the Storey Cotton Company, and soon became the head and brains of the big swindle, at a salary of \$50 a week. Gold began to pour into the coffers of the company, and all its members led a gay, sybaritic existence. Miss Beck soon tired of "Judge Stone" and married a man who drove a wagon in the neighborhood of her home in the suburbs. By that time she had three automobiles, and was spending herself with every luxury. Marrin was sending money with both hands. It came the flood of complaints of the cotton company's swindle, followed by an investigation of the Postal authorities. In the ensuing emergency, Miss Beck again proved her genius. Negotiating securities of the company, she gathered in more than a million dollars and sailed for Europe.

Only one of the little band of swindlers got into the mail, and he was a tool in the hands of the chief financiers. Arthur Stanley Foster-Francis, alias Stanley Francis, had been made a partner in the concern and was arrested in the latter part of March, 1906. It has been reported from various sources lately that Miss Beck is in the city, though Marrin has denied this according to the Cincinnati interview.

SOCIETY IDOL A WIFE BEATER AND BIGAMIST

A. W. Lawrence, Wedded at Delmonico's Last February, Has Fled.

IS HIDING IN CANADA.

Had Made Many Friends as a Wall Street Plunger and a Clubman.

SQUANDERED FORTUNE.

Used Money of His First Wife, Then Wed Miss Payne and Beat Her.

All the glamour about Abbott W. Lawrence, millionaire plunger, clubman and social favorite, has been dissipated, and his friends must know him now as a bigamist and wife-beater, hiding from the women he wronged in some remote corner of Canada.

When Lawrence was married to Miss Georgia R. Payne in Delmonico's last February he cut such a swath in Wall street circles and had so many rich and influential friends that the event was noted as of considerable social importance. The manner of the marriage was romantic, and the young woman had youth, beauty and was supposed to be wealthy. Her home was in Kansas City. Known as a Millionaire.

Lawrence had come to New York from New Orleans, where he organized the Fibre Company. He was supposed to have cleared up an even million in his deal. With good family and social connections he was received with open arms. He posed as a bachelor, though he had a wife then living in Walpole, Mass., whose fortune he was squandering. Lawrence met Miss Payne at the Waldorf-Astoria early last winter and began to pay ardent suit. On the night of Feb. 22 he telephoned to the home of the Rev. Dr. Henry Marsh Warren to request him to perform a marriage ceremony. Dr. Warren was away, so a leading a dinner of the Sons of the American Revolution at Delmonico's. Learning this, Lawrence telephoned there and asked the clergyman if he would perform the ceremony.

Dr. Warren consented and advised the reported millionaire to bring his betrothed to the main parlor of the restaurant. When the couple arrived there the clergyman got several prominent New Yorkers who were attending the banquet to act as witnesses. They were Talbot Root, a Wall street lawyer; F. S. Palmer, Leslie J. Tompkins, Andrew S. Hamersley and Lawrence Griffith.

He Dodged a Luncheon. After the ceremony had been performed, Otto Zaeski, who was also a guest at the dinner, invited the newly married couple to lunch at Delmonico's the next day. Before the hour set for the luncheon, Dr. Warren was advised that Lawrence had fled. Lawrence had fled to Canada. He telephoned to Lawrence and told him that the case of the luncheon was off. The bigamist denied the first marriage, but he remained in the luncheon.

When the first wife's attention was called to the second marriage she refused to believe it, declaring that she had had entire confidence in her husband for more than two months. The second wife remained in ignorance of the first marriage until she was informed of it by a letter she found in her husband's coat. When she charged Lawrence with his duplicity according to a letter, Mrs. Lawrence wrote to the Rev. Dr. Warren, who she said, she would bear the scars of the beating for life. Using an assumed name, she swore out a warrant for her husband's arrest on a charge of wife-beating, but when the case came up she did not appear in court.

Immediately after this she left her husband and returned to her home in Kansas City. Mrs. Lawrence No. 1 informed the Kansas City lawyer that her husband had disposed of \$500,000 worth of her property and it developed that when he married Miss Payne he had spent all of his first fortune as well as that of his first wife. Both wives got into communication with and decided to prosecute Lawrence for bigamy.

PRINCETON TIGERS AND WEST POINT CLASH IN BATTLE ON THE GRIDIRON

Lena Trapolina Seeks Slayers of Her Father.



GIRL VOWS VENGEANCE ON FATHER'S SLAYERS

Becomes Expert Pistol Shot and Declares That She Will Not Rest Until She Has Hunted Murderers Down.

After talking half an hour with Lena Trapolina one is convinced that she will find the two men who killed her father. She has declared a vendetta, and although but sixteen years old, she will carry it to a finish. The Evening World told yesterday how Lena's father, Sebastian, was shot down in Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, by two men; how the police dropped the matter on the assumption that the shooting was accidental, and how the sixteen-year-old daughter of the dead man took up the work of hunting down his murderers.

She lives with her mother and three sisters and brothers at No. 11 Beach street. Tall, slender and delicate in appearance she has plenty of nerve, too. "What will I do when I find those men?" she replied to a question put by an Evening World reporter at her home yesterday. "I will kill them—I will kill them with lips of lead."

With this she dragged from the bosom of her dress a business-like revolver with a bore big enough to accommodate a dime. "Oh, I can shoot," she said, fondling the forbidding weapon. "In the shooting gallery I ring the bell many times with lips of lead."

Elevens Go Into Football Battle on West Point Field Prepared to Fight For Every Inch of Ground.

PRINCETON BIG FAVORITE, BUT CADETS ARE HOPEFUL.

Thousands of Visitors on the Military Campus to Cheer Both Teams On—Yale Plays Brown and Harvard Tackles Husky Carlisle Indians at Cambridge.

HOW THE TEAMS LINE UP.

West Point	Positions	Princeton
Hanlon	Left End	Waller
Weeks	Left Tackle	Phillips
Erwin	Left Guard	H. Dillon
Sullivan	Center	Harting
Christy	Right Guard	Stannard
Pullen	Right Tackle	Conney
Stearns	Right End	Hongland
Johnson	Quarterback	E. Dillon
Mountford	Left Half-back	Harlan
Hill	Right Half-back	Rulon-Miller
Smith	Full Back	McCormick

(Special to The Evening World.) WEST POINT, N. Y., Nov. 10.—The Princeton Tigers, trained to a minute, sleek, fast and skillful, tackled West Point this afternoon on the army's gridiron. Four Brigades of non-combatants, made up mostly of pretty girls, surrounded the field. The day was crisp, ideal for players, shivery for the spectators. The crowd came early to-day to be on hand for the weekly inspection, which took place just before the game.

Train after train unloaded the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, polio-necked conquerors of the soldier boys. The cadets retreated to lovers' lane, where they were ambushed and forced to capitulate. Some of the girls were merciful, demanding only one button. Every boy had his quota of romantic malade amours. No deep captivated soldier boys. One straight-backed youth suddenly appeared in the barracks court making a dainty leap for the storage room holding his buttonless coat over his chest. He had ten minutes to sew up and appear for inspection.

Soldiers on Parade. "Well, all's fair in love and war," the old warhorse said. The Tigers came in time to see the soldiers on parade. It was a great sight. In perfect alignment the cadets marched across the field in company front, and then in double quick time circled the field. The crowd arose and cheered lustily as the boys left the field. Although the crowd was not as big as that of last Saturday, there was no lack of enthusiasm. The Princeton rosters as usual assembled on the west side of the field, the cadets on the east. Before the game there was much speculation as to its probable result. It was conceded, however, by the soldier boys' most sanguine supporters that the Tigers would be victorious. The only bet made was that the army would not score.

Veanders Still on Sick List. The army rosters were disappointed upon their arrival when they learned that Veanders would not be kicking today. He is still incapacitated. With the surefooted Veanders behind the line it was hoped that the army would accomplish something in way of a field goal. Mountford was outclassed in the game with Yale, and he promised to do even worse against the masterful Harlan and the no less skillful McCormick.

"This will be a slashing game," said one of the old-guard before the first whistle blew. "This game will test Princeton's strength and give a sure line on next Saturday's clash between Yale and Princeton. The Army's defense puzzled Yale and Harvard. Let's see what it will do against the smashing Princeton attack." Coach Homer said Phillips would start the game at tackle and the shift to center, replacing Harting.

YALE NOT OVERCONFIDENT IN GAME WITH BROWN.

and Brown lined up at Yale Field this afternoon for their annual struggle on the gridiron. The Yale supporters and coaches were blue indeed, anxious to the game. Coach Rockwell is well nigh discouraged over the showing of the Yale team the past few days. He declared to-day that Yale would be lucky to score; and if they were defeated he would not be greatly surprised. A big crowd of Yale rooters gathered on the field to cheer the Elis. Despite the pessimism of the coaches they were

WHAT IS PANHANDLE PETE WAITING FOR?

IT'S FUNNY HOW The Mystery Card

CONTINUES TO AMUSE
YOUNG AND OLD

FREE WITH
Next Sunday's World

AMBROSE THOMAS DIES SUDDENLY, SHOPPING

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Ambrose L. Thomas, president of the firm of Lord & Thomas, known to newspapers all over the United States, dropped dead today while making some purchases in a retail drygoods store. Heart disease is thought to have caused his death.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Forecast for New York City and vicinity: Cloudy and cooler to-night; Sunday partly cloudy; fresh westerly winds.